Peridot, Gem Warriors, and Aphra's Chaotic Choices

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by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Following their previous adventures in deep space and Aphra's foolhardy decision to play a game with a blaster, the Darla Angel crash lands near a mysterious valley on Earth. They soon find themselves in a beach house where a small woman with chartreuse hair is asking them questions about why they came there. Thanks to Aphra, it soon gets chaotic, causing her, her girlfriend, and friends-of-sorts being faced with consequences of her bad decisions… again.

Notes

Hello everyone! I started this fic some months ago, before the last part of this series, published of September 27 of this year, but I struggled to finish it, with other fics getting in the way. However, after reading it over, I decided to break into two chapters, the first which is about 4,200 words, and the second which is still in the process. That split was helpful in ensuring this fic was published and completed in time before my trip. So, please keep that in mind when reading this fic as chapter will, hopefully, be coming by next Friday or next weekend. Note: Entrapta is called "Apta" thereafter in the story after a line from Chelli, and similarly, Peridot is called "Peri" after a line from Steven.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update: This fic has been crossposted on Wattpad, Squidge World, Quotev, adultfanfiction, and webnovel. The series already has 4.5k views on Webnovel (prior to the cross-posting of this fic on there), which I'm really happy to see!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: From the Prime Kindergarten to the Beach House

They found themselves standing in the living room of a beach house, with three large ladies, and two others, staring at them with inquisitive looks on their faces. Aphra put her head in her hands. She remembered back to how this whole thing had started in the first place. She couldn't believe how they had gotten here.

Let's go back a couple of hours. Aphra had been playing a game of twirl the blaster. Glimmer and Catra had urged her *not* to play it, warning of the risks. To their horror, Adora had joined in, perhaps because the winner would get to *hold* the blaster, something she'd never done, even through her time on Etheria. She thought the weapon looked cool.

As for Bow, he was tinkering with some technology gizmo, and was out of view. He couldn't have cared less about what they were doing, at least at that point. Entrapta watched from a safe distance away as a "referee" of sorts. She wore protective armor, which she had on in case something went horribly wrong.

Of course, the latter happened. One of the ship's controls was hit by a stray laser bolt. It was the hyperspace navigation controls. They had been traveling from deep space where the *USS Cerritos* had been stationed. Their journey was almost complete when this blast abruptly pulled them out of hyperspace, causing the ship to be critically damaged. It remained an open question as to the severity of the ship's problems.

They had only one option: a crash landing. Entrapta instructed everyone to strap themselves in and just about everyone complied. However, Aphra was reluctant to do so, declaring that seat-belts were "unnecessary" and "no fun." A kiss on the cheek and encouragement from Entrapta quickly convinced her otherwise.

"Chelli, if you don't get strapped in, we won't be able to blow off the groundsills together. *You* don't want that, right? I *know* you like that, *very very* much."

She relented. It wasn't fair for Entrapta to tease her in this way! *Come on*. Then again, wouldn't she have done the same thing? Perhaps... it was hard to say for sure. It was this teasing which made her love this woman so much. She wished she could stay with her forever, and that they could keep exploring the universe... together.

"Fine, fine. Just know that I'm *only* doing this because I'm the great Doctor Aphra and I'm the *best* damn archaeologist out there...and I don't want *my beauty* to be sullied!"

Entrapta knew that Chelli was boasting and not being serious. She was used to that by now, after all their time together. And she looked at her adoringly. Glimmer rolled her eyes. Sometimes she really *couldn't* stand them together. How *could* they do this at a time like this!

"*Enough* with the flirting, Entrapta! We need to make sure we don't *die*!"

She knew that Glimmer could be serious, especially when the circumstances warranted it. That might have been due to her role as the queen of Bright Moon. The latter royal position

was occupied by one of her cousins, Castaspella, during her absence. She had all but passed the duties onto her... for now. While she knew Glimmer could be harsh at times, she was *still* captain of the *Darla Angel*.

Taking the controls and instructing Chelli to do the same, they guided the ship into an area outside the huge chasm. It was foggy, vast, and full of holes carved into the rock, which had a dark and dull purple color. Neither of them knew what this place was or why strange machines, with pinkish red-colored gem ornaments at their tops, were there, sticking out of the earth. What had happened here?

Soon enough, the ship crash-landed on the ground nearby the chasm. It skidded to stop, with rocks and dirt flying every which way. Although there were some minor injuries, no one was seriously hurt. In addition, thanks to the improvements that Chelli and Entrapta had made, the ship barely had any scratches at all.

After jumping out of the ship, Bow did as Entrapta instructed. He pressed a button on his tracker pad. It put a cloaking device over the ship, so no one could find it. After everyone else followed Bow, they proceeded to stare into the chasm. It was a bizarre place. Adora and Catra were spooked out. *Why would someone do this? What can gone on here?*

Not long into their journey, inside the valley, they heard a whooshing sound, then a stream of light coming down onto a greyish stone pad. A small woman, with chartreuse hair, suddenly appeared, almost like she was conjured out of thin air. She held a pad, of some type, in her hands. They ducked for cover. However, it was too late.

"Peridot reporting in at the Prime Kindergarten at 0800 hours. My pad detects six lifeforms in this area. Commencing investigation."

She didn't *have* to speak that way, but sometimes she still liked to, especially when she was doing something serious such as this patrol. As she started walking around, she spied ringlets of hair out of the corner of her eye. As she approached, Entrapta popped out. This person was...*peculiar*, she thought. She wondered if she had been purposely revealing herself or not. Her thoughts were interrupted when this woman began speaking.

"I like your pad...and use of technology...I'm a bit of a tech wizz myself."

Peridot nervously smiled. Who was this woman? And why was she trying to talk to her? That's *bizarre*. What in the world was going on? She did not like this, not at all. But, she couldn't be rude and ignore her...

"Uh huh," she said matter-of-factly. "I see you have five compatriots. Are they with you?"

Entrapta nodded. She declared, "it's safe for you all to come out now."

Bow, Glimmer, Adora, and Catra revealed themselves. Then Chelli appeared, with all her swagger. "Sure, *little one*, you look very studious...I have a blaster and I'm ready to use it."

Peridot ignored her insulting tone. She was a bit used it. She could tell that Chelli, whose name she didn't know *yet*, was trying to threaten her, in her own way. But she didn't care.

They had a protocol if something of this nature occurred.

She had to follow it, even if she didn't necessarily agree with it. She thought it was flawed and she had told Steven so time and time again, but he insisted on keeping it in place. The idea was to welcome any new visitors, especially those from another planet, like these people. So she decided to follow the protocol in this instance.

"I'm going to take you to our 'HQ'. Follow me. Don't try any funny business."

In the past, she would have jumped on her metal trash-can lid, and used her metal-controlling powers to move each person, one by one, to the warp pad. However, a set of stairs had been installed, so people could walk there with ease. She hated that new development, but she had grown to begrudgingly accept it.

Grabbing onto the hands of some of them, and telling others to stand on the pad, instead, she activated it. A light emerged around them. In no time at all, they had arrived on another pad, this time inside a house of some kind.

This structure was fashioned with a kitchen, a large interior room, and what some would call 'a living room'. It also contained an observatory with a beautiful glass dome and a pad allowing for galaxy-wide travel, a guest bedroom, and other elements which made this house look grand. Many of these improvements had happened after a battle with the Diamonds had destroyed part of the house.

Once inside, Peridot asked them to sit. There were *so many* more of them than her, so they easily could have overpowered her at any time. However, they chose not to. Even so, Chelli was trying to figure out any possible way out of this situation. She was considering her options at this point. Entrapta hoped that Chelli wouldn't do anything...rash.

"So, who are you people...and why are you here?" Peridot asked, plainly. She had the other Gems on speed dial in case anything got dicey.

Glimmer answered first. She was the captain of the *Darla Angel*, after all.

"I'm Glimmer. Me and my crew are from a planet far away...on a mission to establish relations with other planets...we crash-landed on Earth because...of certain complications."

Peridot was intrigued. Were *these people* honest-to-god aliens? Some would call them extraterrestrials, but she liked the term "alien" better. She had become the moderator of some forums about aliens and even got into online fights with people, with the handle clodsmasher, and often called people she didn't like "miserable clods." Steven told her to be nice, but she didn't always listen to him.

"Uh huh. Can I take some samples from you...for...scientific purposes?"

No one was keen on this. Could they really trust this woman? They weren't sure. Chelli was nervous about the request, as was Entrapta. She decided that *now* was the time to make their move. They had to break free of this. Entrapta whispered in Chelli's ear and shared a plan. Chelli liked it and thanked Entrapta for the idea. Following this, she responded to Peridot.

She coyly told her, "sure. You can do that." Everyone was surprised by this, not knowing this was *all* part of her plan. As Peridot leaned in, she quickly drew her blaster out of her holster. She pointed it at Peridot's head. She now had the upper hand. Everything had gone as she had planned. It was all falling into place.

"We don't want any of your weird experiments. We just want parts to fix our ship and that's it." Glimmer tried to interject, but her attempt was an utter, and complete, failure. Peridot could have used her metallic powers to push the gun aside. Alas she did not. It was Entrapta who ended this tense situation, with a few words.

She stood and held Chelli's hand. She whispered softly into her ear. To everyone's surprise, she lowered her gun. They had expected her to do something more. Then she boldly declared: "My *cute* partner-in-crime, Apta, says that there is no reason to threaten you...as long as you...don't take any samples from us."

Peridot mulled it over. She liked to experiment on others so she knew what she was up against, to prepare herself for the unexpected, and whatever the world would throw at her. She would let it slide, *this time*. Why not? And she didn't even have to call the Crystal Gems for assistance. She was *about* to, but decided against it.

"Fine. I will deal with whoever is the captain of...your group...it was Gl-"

Before she could finish her thought, Chelli interjected. This was her attempt to take power for herself. Apta had given her the idea after all. She wasn't the biggest fan of Glimmer being in-charge of anything, anyhow… something about it made her feel uneasy. She had to claim power for herself. She had done throughout her entire life and this was no different.

"No, no. I *am* the captain now. My talented girlfriend is co-captain...Glimmer is just a common officer...that's how it is."

Glimmer was shocked to hear this. What in the world was Chelli planning? What had Apta told her? She wasn't sure. But, she *had* to maintain dominance.

"Aphra is wrong. I am the one who was voted as ship captain in a majority vote. I ask for another vote among the crew members... between me and her."

Catra and Bow raised their hands. That was two votes in favor. As Glimmer explained, neither she, nor Chelli, could vote for themselves. Peridot watched the entire thing, intrigued, but said nothing. To the surprise of everyone, Adora raised her hand in favor of Chelli, and stood by her and Apta. That was two votes in favor of Glimmer and one in favor of Chelli. This was followed by the typical, and unsurprising, vote of Apta for Chelli.

The vote was tied. Two for Glimmer and two for Chelli. It was then that Chelli whipped out her blaster and fired it into the ceiling, shocking them all. They were a bit terrified about what she would do next. She declared, "this kind of vote is unfair! We can't have a divided crew like this. *I'm the one* who should be in charge."

Putting her blaster away, she stepped close to Glimmer. She came close enough that she could talk quietly into her ear, without anyone else hearing. It placed Glimmer on edge *once again*.

She decided to tease her. She knew that Glimmer was in a relationship with Bow. That much was obvious, which anyone with half a brain could realize. Based on Glimmer's personal story, which she had boasted about, one night prior, she guessed that this *sometimes* brash queen (and former princess) had *never* been a relationship, or dalliance, with a woman before. So she went in for the kill.

"If you support me...I'll give you pleasure beyond *anything* you've ever imagined...you've never been railed by a girl, have you?"

Glimmer's face got flushed as she backed away. *How* in the world could Chelli say this to her? She knew that this rambunctious woman had a point, as someone who grew up in a prim and proper castle. How could she decide something so simply based on her desires? Wasn't she with Bow? Did she even have a desire to do this? She wasn't sure. She couldn't think straight.

Like the many women that Chelli had successfully seduced over the years, she folded, like a deck of cards. She weakly muttered, "fine. I'll support you as captain...you just have to *fulfill your promise*." Chelli beamed. She didn't have *any intention* of doing what she claimed. Why would she? It was all a ploy to pull in Glimmer. And it had worked perfectly. It remained a question whether Glimmer would ever remind her of this, or if she would push it to the back of her mind.

Bow and Catra were surprised. What had happened? *What* did Chelli say to her? They grumbled and decided to accept her decision, even though they knew it would be more chaotic from then on. Peridot was still trying to piece together what was happening, when someone with kinky hair walked in with his girlfriend in tow. And boy was she glad to see them!

"Hey, Peri. I'm here for a visit. I brought Connie with me...and...uh...who are these people?"

It was a completely valid question. Peri had forgot to report in what she had seen in the Prime Kindergarten, probably because she was pulled in by all of their drama... including getting a gun held to her head. It was a lot to process. But *how* could she explain this? She had trouble figuring how what exactly to say to them.

Luckily and hilariously, she was saved by...Chelli. She only wanted to boast about herself, especially to those she hadn’t met. And she didn't think these two people were a threat, at least they didn't seem that way. She began with a bow.

"I am the *illustrious* Doctor Chelli Lona Aphra and this is my wonderful crew of spacefarers from the great beyond, including my *super talented* girlfriend...who I love deeply...~~my~~ *our* ship, the *Darla Angel*, crash-landed near something you call the 'Prime Kindergarten'...and your green friend brought us here...and attempted to take samples from us."

Steven knew the place she was talking about. He had been there so many times he couldn't keep count. He sighed. He only meant this to be a quick visit. He didn't want to get involved in whatever drama there was with these people from another land. Even so, he wanted to remain welcoming to anyone from space, as he presumed they were. *Maybe* he would even take them to Little Homeworld.

"Ms. Aphra, let me apologize for my friend's behavior...she is just curious about people from the stars...after all, that's where she's from...but...I'm Steven Universe and I'm from *this* planet, along with my partner here, Connie. Why don't you let me show you around?"

Chelli considered whether this would be a good idea or not. She didn't think he was harmful. Nothing could go wrong, right? She sure hoped not.

"Sure. As long as no one tries to experiment on us."

Peri walked away and to the warp pad, disappearing into nothing. She was going to another nearby settlement, filled with Gem beings, known as Little Homeworld. Steven wanted to bring them to one of his favorite places instead: a donut shop. Connie stayed behind, rolling her eyes, and decided to read a book in the observatory instead. While plants were grown there, it also had great light for reading.

He could have gone to Videlia's art studio or the space-themed bakery, Spacetries, which had been taken over by Blue Lace Agate when Lars left. He didn't go to either of those places. When they entered the shop they were greeted by former Mayor Dewey, also known as Bill, who was now just an employee. The store was collectively owned, so no one was a manager and everyone had an equal stake. It no longer just sold donuts, but they had kept the store named "The Big Donut" anyway. Beach City citizens were very supportive of the store, after everything it had been through.

"Hey Steven, it's been a while, what I can get you?"

He looked through all the selections. They were a little different from what he remembered in the past. They had some items labeled with the following: "completely vegan. No animal products used." He hadn't seen anything like that, but he was willing to give it a try. After all, he had been a vegetarian for years, although he wasn't sure if he could make the leap to becoming a vegan.

"I'll have a slice of the spice cake...it looks...interesting."

He had eaten something like it in the past, but what he ate was made with eggs. This was made with a different food which worked the same way. Some would call it an egg replacer, but others said that it made the cake just as tasty as one made with eggs. There were always those who hawked "plant meat" products. Steven *hated* those people, especially those who justified their occasional meat eating. He dubbed them "vegetarian propagandists."

Bill, who had once been known in Beach City as "Mayor Dewey," packed up the slice of spice cake for Steven. He smiled and then added, "it's on the house, since you did so much for us over the years." While Steven began to pull out his wallet, Bill motioned it away. He insisted on doing this. Steven felt that he had to oblige.

"Okay, thanks."

Chelli wasn't sure what to make of this shop, nor did Catra or Bow, while Glimmer and Adora were taken in by all the pretty colors. Apta was fascinated by the tiny treats. Back in Dryl, she had *loved* eating tiny food which her kitchen staff had made for her, something

which she deeply appreciated. However, after she joined the Horde, they didn't come with her to the Fright Zone, and they held some resentment that she had left them behind. Following the end of the conflict, she had made up with them and apologized for discarding them as she did. She didn't want to be a despicable person. She cared about others.

As Steven walked toward the door, with Catra, Bow, and Chelli behind him, Glimmer and Adora didn't want to leave. They wanted to keep perusing. Apta blurted out something which stopped everyone in their tracks.

"Can I have one of those mini-cupcakes! I just *love* treats like that...tiny food is great."

Pointing to what she wanted with her prehensile hair, he pulled it out of the glass display case. Putting it on the counter, he moved over to the cash register and began pressing some buttons. He announced the price to her. "That will be $11.99, with tax." While Catra, Adora, Bow, Glimmer, Apta, and Chelli didn't know the costs for items in this world, Steven *did*. And he was surprised how much this cost. He tried to get the price lower.

"Can you give me a discount? I've been a loyal customer for many years…" he began.

Bill shook his head. While he gave Steven a freebie earlier, he couldn't make exceptions for this because of how much the ingredients cost. They also had banana bread made without eggs and with fine almond flour. There were many types of flour out there, but this was one of the more common ones used in baking, despite the fact that each almond nut took a gallon of water to produce, and strained the drought-ridden Central Valley in California, where most of the almonds in the world were produced, many of which were shipped overseas rather than throughout the country.

There were many other flours that people used for baking, whether amaranth, arrowroot, barley, brown rice, chestnut, coconut, corn, lupin, millet, red lentil, semolina, tapioca, teff, and white rice, to name a few. Some of those were sold in the store, as part of the sweet baked goods display, while others were not.

"Sorry, Steven," Bill began, "I can't give a discount. The ingredients cost a lot, and we have to make up money somehow...it's like that with all these artisan products." He pointed to the similar products in the glass case, all of which were deserts, like gluten-free cookies, sweet almond bread, and many others, with prices similar to the mini-cupcake.

Apta saw what was going on. She felt he was getting the better of her. Before anyone could say anything, she grabbed the treat with her hair and stuffed it into her mouth. No one expected this was going to happen but Chelli wasn’t surprised, not at all. She saw this as completely in character for her. She even began to laugh. She patted Apta on the back and began speaking the loudest she could.

"That's my Apta! Taking things that are *rightfully* hers. That's what *I love* so much about her."

Everyone, but Chelli, was so flabbergasted they didn't know what to say. They left the store and stepped outside. Steven turned around and pulled out his wallet. He put money on the counter. "Here, take it. Sorry about the trouble." Bill smiled and took it, putting it into the cash register, then pressing certain buttons. Steven had given him exact change.

"A pleasure doing business, Steven. See you around!" Steven grinned back at him and walked out. Apta and Chelli glared at him, clearly annoyed. *Why* did he have to pay for it? Was he a goody two shoes or something? This angered Chelli even more than Apta. She was willing to let it slide as she wanted to get along, but this differed from Chelli's view.

As Catra, Adora, Glimmer, and Bow walked out of the store, Chelli was about to blow up on Steven. Apta, somehow, was able to calm her down, whispering in her right ear that it was OK and to not worry about it, because Steven was just doing what he felt was right. While she remained a bit hot and bothered, she decided to not say anything *this time*.

As they walked back to the Beach House, Steven, in an attempt to avoid any discussion about what happened, tried to steer the conversation in a more positive way. He turned to Apta. While he couldn't agree with what she did, and detested stealing, he wanted to know why she liked small food so much. He hadn't met anyone who felt the same way before.

"So, Entrapta...what do you like about tiny food?"

She chuckled. No one had ever asked her about this, at least not directly. She had talked to Bow, Adora, and Glimmer about it when they came to Dryl to recruit her for the Princess Alliance all that time ago, but it had never come up since then. Even Chelli hadn't brought it up, in part because their relationship was still so new.

"Oh, tiny food is *so much* more tasty than full-sized food, is rewarding, stress-relieving...and much cuter...it's not really nostalgic for me because I've always eaten this type of food...as long as I can remember...I can't live without it!"

That all made sense to Steven. He liked eating food in full-size, rather than miniature, but he could completely understand why she was drawn to this type of food. He didn't know everything about her life, but from his time in space, and reading about when astronauts were accidentally stranded in space for hundreds of days due a thruster malfunction, he knew it was stressful. How could it *not* be?

Chapter 2: Misplaced Worries?: Chelli's Romantic Dedication, the Crystal Gems, and Friendship

Chapter Summary

Connie brings Pearl, Garnet, and Amethyst with her. All of them are worried about Steven, especially when they find visitors from a far-away galaxy are in the Beach House. Chelli seems to subside their worries, for now, while Peridot wonders where their ship as she can't find it, questioning their entire story… what lies ahead is up to these new visitors and original inhabitants, the connections between them, and the friendships that will be formed in the process...

Chapter Notes

Happy Catradora day (i.e. when the final season of She-Ra and the Princesses of Power dropped, on May 15, 2020, over five years ago, and in the final episode when Catra and Adora kissed and Catradora became canon)! This fic is the second part of my focus on Chelli, Apta, Glimmer, Bow, Adora, and Catra on Earth, interacting with the Crystal Gems, and closing out their time on Earth. I had originally planned to pair this in one fic with chapter 1, but I wanted to get it done before the week had come to an end, so I split it off into its own chapter to give me more time to work with it. I also wanted to post it on Catradora Day, so I worked on it yesterday to ensure that would happen. Notably, "Apta" refers to Entrapta in this chapter.

"The present" is what is described at the beginning of chapter 1. This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World, Wattpad (has a truncated title), Quotev, Webnovel, and adult-fanfiction (has a truncated title). I hope you all enjoy this fic!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

We get back to the present. Steven wanted to ask more questions. When he entered the Beach House, he saw his favorite three Gems inside, standing next to Connie and Peridot. They had a look of concern on their faces. Steven sighed. He had hoped to not bring them into this mess. He guessed that Connie had contacted them and he couldn't blame her. After all, although she had implied that the other Crystal Gems shouldn't be involved, he hadn't said it directly.

"Steven, we are worried about you...after what Connie told us," Pearl began. She was cut off when she observed the five individuals behind him. They looked very peculiar. They didn't

appear to be Gem warriors like her. She wasn't entirely sure they were all humans, either. Garnet and Amethyst looked at all of them inquisitively too.

Chelli extended her hand in a friendly way, at Apta's urging. She would rather have booked out of there. Apta held her hand tightly, since she was a little afraid, especially when looking at Garnet, as she looked a bit imposing. In reality, Garnet could pack a tough punch, but she *also* was very loving, with Steven. She served as a mother-of-sorts, or more of a guardian. The two Gem beings within her, Ruby and Sapphire, deeply loved one another.

"Sorry for the trouble, Misses...I'm *Doctor* Aphra...and this is my crew, including my wonderful girlfriend, Entrapta, with the hair-hands...and we like to *fuck shit up*."

The last part slipped out accidentally. She hadn't meant to say it. She was *a lesbian disaster* after all, so what would you expect? As she tried to correct herself, and Apta came in to her aid. She felt she had to. There was a benefit to her: she could have wild (and consensual) *horizontal refreshment* with her that night. So, why not help her out?

"What my dear Chelli meant was...we are on an intergalactic mission to visit other worlds...she just said the *wrong thing*...nice to meet...you ladies."

Pearl, Garnet, and Amethyst weren't sure what to make of these visitors. They were odd, to say the least. Could they be totally trustworthy? Was it right to believe what they had to say? They decided to put those thoughts aside and to welcome them with open arms. They wanted to assume good faith. Wasn't that the proper thing to do? They thought so.

They appreciated that this woman, who was named 'Entrapta,' a name which they found curious. It seemed to be named after someone who traps, catches, deceives, or tricks someone into difficulty, or a trap itself. In this way, she shared some similarities to the trap-loving blond-haired young man in another dimension, even though they had never met.

Peridot interjected right then, stopping anyone else from adding anything. These visitors from the cosmos, as they had described themselves, had come there because their ship crash-landed here, right? She was skeptical because she had looked around the Prime Kindergarten and did not locate the ship, even with her technology.

"Where is your ship? I couldn't locate it...are you *really* from another planet?"

Apta chuckled. Was the technology on this planet this primitive? Could it not locate a spaceship that was cloaked? They really were behind the times, for sure.

"Oh, I'll show you where it is...I'm surprised you couldn't pick it up. We only camouflaged it and made it *look invisible*…"

Peridot was surprised. What Apta was saying seemed completely believable. She had to see it herself. She would have to update her technology in case outer space visitors like this came in the future. She couldn't let there be a slip-up like this again. She had to do better. She *must* do better. She was willing to go with them to their ship. Perhaps it would help her become an even better technician.

She quickly grabbed Apta's hand. What she did not expect was that someone else grabbed Apta's other hand: the brown-haired, and tan-skinned, woman, with a leather helmet and goggles which looked like it was from some '40s bombardier.

"I'd like to come too, since *I* built the ship with her," Chelli remarked. Apta nodded. Peridot was still a little wary of her, considering what she had done, that day alone, including conducting a coup to take over as captain of her ship and firing a blaster into the ceiling. If Apta was there then...*maybe* it would be...fine? She hoped that was the case.

Peridot, looking at Chelli, realized she didn't have much choice in this. She guessed that if she said no, then Apta wouldn't come along. And these space visitors would stay around *longer*. She only barely tolerated them despite the fact that she had come from Homeworld and wasn't even native to Earth! She had come to regard the latter as her home.

"Fine. You can *both* come." She grabbed Chelli's other hand and she used the warp pad to bring them to the Prime Kindergarten. Steven nor Connie, Pearl, Garnet, or Amethyst had any reason to go back there, at least not now. It was still a scary place in many ways.

As they left, Steven had a brilliant idea. They could split off into specific groups so they could get to know each other better. He also introduced each of his Gem guardians. The other visitors introduced themselves as well. To Bow, Glimmer, Adora, and Catra this seemed to be a good idea. Connie, Pearl, Garnet, and Amethyst were keen on it as well.

"Ok, I'll go with Garnet," Glimmer began, and added, "since she seems like the leader here." Garnet was glad to hear that. Some people had *falsely* thought Steven headed the Crystal Gems. Nothing could be further from the truth. He did not and he never had.

While Bow wanted to come along with her, she decided *against it*. That left Pearl, Connie, Amethyst, and Steven. He quickly made his choice. It seemed like the right one.

"I'd like to be with Steven for...certain reasons." Adora and Catra guessed why. Pearl, Connie, and Amethyst came to the same conclusion. He probably wanted to be with another man. Bow had no issues talking to women… sometimes it's best to be someone of your own gender rather than of the female persuasion.

As they left, Amethyst, Connie, and Pearl remained. They decided to go into Pearl's room which had been retrofitted to have a sitting area. This was a new addition meant to accommodate guests in times like this. As Adora and Catra followed behind, stepping into the room, they were amazed. They didn't expect Connie to ask the first question.

"So are you two *in a relationship* or something?...I see you glancing at each other a lot and holding hands...sorry if that's rude to ask."

Catra attempted to say something. Adora nodded, which she took as the indication that she would answer the question instead. Catra was fine with that. As she began to speak, she firmly held onto Catra's hand, refusing to let go.

"Yeah, she's my lovely girlfriend...we got together after we kissed and saved the universe from evil...that's *just how it goes*."

This couldn't have been more mortifying for Catra. Did she have to explain it that way? She attempted to explain it in her own way without getting into too many of the details. She took a deep breath and made her best attempt.

"Sure, Adora *is right*...it was just something we needed to do...she's my childhood friend...and we've been through a lot together...and are *still figuring it all out*."

Connie could somewhat understand what they meant. Her relationship with Steven was just as deep as theirs, and Pearl similarly understood since she had a long-running romance with Rose Quartz, the alias of one of the Diamond rulers, Pink Diamond. At her request, she kept the latter secret and even let people think Pink was dead so that they could live free. It worked. Maintaining the lie had many consequences.

Amethyst didn't really get it in the same way as she never had that sort of relationship with everyone. She had some close friendships, but nothing like a kiss that saved the universe. So she didn't understand what that was like. In human terms she would probably be described as aromantic, asexual, or somewhere in-between. She wasn't sure those words applied to her. She had her own way of describing herself, instead.

"Sounds great...nice to meet you both...I'm going to do my own thing." As she departed, Adora was a little sad that she had to go, while Catra was indifferent. After she left, Pearl joked about it. She didn't want to embarrass Amethyst, but she tried to approach it in a lighthearted way, although she wasn't always the best with this kind of thing.

"Amethyst just likes to be on her own sometimes...that's just what she does." Pearl was about to leave. Adora decided to follow her, after she praised her on her outfit. While Pearl wasn't sure what to say in response and blushed, they got to talking and they realized their commonalities: they both liked organizing things. This served as something which brought them both together. As the night went on, they kept chatting.

At the same time, Connie decided to talk with Catra, who was refusing to go in the watery part of Pearl's room, as someone who detested water. Many cats were like that in real life, either hating water or being bathed. Despite this, they were fine with cleaning themselves with their own tongues. Even someone touching a cat with a wet hand could be an extra annoyance.

So, "Catra...are you like a cat...or a girl? I don't get this whole thing…"

Catra tried to explain it the best she could. No one had asked about it as pointedly before. She was willing to try and explain herself, this time. She felt she owed her an explanation.

"Well, I'm cat-like, as I come from a feline race...but I am a young woman, not a 'girl,' so I'd call myself a *cat woman*, rather than a *cat girl*."

Connie laughed. She had some familiarity with cat-like creatures from anime she had watched with Steven and series she'd watched on her own. She pulled out her phone and went to the photo gallery. She opened a folder which was aptly named "catgirls."

"I'm a bit embarrassed to say it...I have this whole collection of images of... catgirls, I mean *cat women,* from my favorite shows...would you like to take a look?"

Catra was unsure what to say. Did she *really* want to see it? What was this glowing box...how did it even work? Etheria had touch-pads and other devices. They had nothing like the device that Connie had in her hand. If they did, it would have required launching of satellites and other technology. That would have taken a long time to implement.

"Uh...I guess...how do this work?"

Connie showed her how the cell phone worked and what she could do to move from image to image. Catra found it amazing. How could so much information be stored in such a small place? It seemed almost unbelievable to her in one sense. At the same time, she could imagine Apta building something like it. She almost shuttered at the idea, as she thought about what it would be used for.

As she skimmed through Connie's photos, she saw images of these digital 'catgirls' who looked their best. None of them looked as great as her, in her view. That is until she came across one with striking features and a somewhat revealing, and form-fitting outfit. She turned the phone toward Connie, who chuckled. Of course she would stop on that one.

"Oh that's one of my favorite characters. She's Blake Belladonna and she's a faunus, an animal-like creature in this series I like, and she kissed a blond-haired warrior named Yang Xiao Long in the last volume/season…it really was the *most glorious* thing. Bumbleby all the way!"

Catra wasn't sure what Connie was so excited about, so she shrugged. *Why* was she so invested in such a character? And what did "Bumbleby" mean anyway? She had so many questions. She would not put up with someone acting *better* than her. When she tabbed over with her thumb, she saw a picture of Yang and Blake kissing, annoying her.

Giving the phone back to Connie, she declared, loudly, "these two are cute...sure, but *nothing* can beat my amazing kiss with Adora...*nothing* in the universe can compare." Adora didn't hear her because she was too engrossed in her conversation with Pearl. However, Connie heard it loud and clear. She hadn't meant for an image to be a threat. She tried to tell Catra that it was fine and she didn't have to worry. Somehow she calmed her down.

Meanwhile, in another room, Bow and Steven were awkwardly sitting next to one another. They were unsure what to say to each other, until Steven decided to break the ice. He didn't want there to be this tension between them. It didn’t feel right. "So, what's it like traveling through space? I tried it once before...and it was pretty terrifying...I don't know how you experienced it…"

Bow listened carefully. He could see that Steven was trying, his best, to connect with him and he appreciated that, as someone who liked to listen to others and hear what they had to say. He found that doing the latter was important when building friendships with other people.

"Yes...it can be scary…at times," Bow began. However, he couldn't only say that. And it wouldn’t be entirely accurate either. Space travel wasn't *all* bad. "Experiencing it…with my

friends and partner...helps…it isn't something I do alone...that makes it enjoyable, despite *the chaos*."

Steven was a bit glad to hear this, although he had only gone on a few space journeys himself, all of which were harrowing for one reason or another. He found a similarity with Bow.

"I'm glad I'm not alone with that. If I could help it...I'd like to stay grounded, here on Earth. I don't really see much of a point to explore the universe, when there's so much I haven't seen here."

Bow understood what he was saying. Even so, she found it a little sad. How could someone *not* want to go to space? He found this very disconcerting. He tried to convince Steven otherwise.

"There's so much to see in space!...you get to see so much...you are missing out, man."

Steven shook his head. He wouldn't be convinced otherwise. They continued chattering through the night. Everyone started to fall asleep, wherever they were, whether Connie, Catra, Adora, and Pearl in the same room, Amethyst and Garnet in their own rooms, Chelli with Apta on the *Darla Angel*, with Peridot in a different place. While they would have anxiously awaited the day ahead, they almost all welcomed it, in some ways. Steven had wanted to bring them to the settlement of Little Homeworld and around Beach City. However, he worried that if one worried town resident reported them, it could lead to a whole heap of trouble, so he decided to not do so.

By the early morning, everyone had gotten up and eaten breakfast. Near the Prime Kindergarten, Chelli and Apta were still lounging on the *Darla Angel,* snuggling with one another. They were rustled out of bed when the proximity sensors went off. Chelli looked at her viewscreen. She could see that people approaching. She *did not* want people to see them like this. She tussled Apta's hair, telling her to get up, and quickly got dressed. While drowsy, Apta complied. Sometimes Chelli could be forceful, but she didn't mind that, since Chelli always cared about her. That was the type of woman she was.

A few minutes later, Chelli lowered the ship's ramp, and bowed. "Welcome all, to the wonderful *Darla Angel*." As she continued bowing, they began to walk up the ramp. She led them to the main dining hall of the ship, if it could be called that, where they ate together. Somehow they all squeezed in there.

"We just wanted to wish you a good journey," Steven began. He handed over a gift. Chelli wasn't sure what it was. It looked like some sort of food. Connie explained it was called "chocolate" and said it was very tasty. Peridot had her own present too. She handed them a communicator she had been working on. She said it could work across universes, although it had never been *fully* tested. Apta grabbed it and stuck it in her pocket.

Bow, Adora, Catra, Glimmer, and Apta said their goodbyes to the new friends they had made on Earth. As they walked down the ramp, and back to the planet's surface, Pearl shouted, "come by any time! You are welcome!" With the crew getting to their positions within the

ship, Chelli pressed a button. She lifted up the ramp and waved out the window. They saw her and waved back.

The *Darla Angel* jettisoned off the ground with a huge blast, sending dust and sand everywhere, even in the faces of their new friends. This was just how Chelli did it. Perhaps she had done it purpose, to show her dominance. In any case, they were off to a new place, to meet *new* people, continuing their sapphic escapade through the stars.

Chapter End Notes

I think splitting this story in two was a good idea, and I'm glad I did it. While writing this took longer had I had originally planned for, I am glad I finished it regardless, so I could move forward with the rest of this story and set the stage for what's to come next. I had originally planned for Emily to be in this chapter, but she was not. She will likely be in an upcoming fic, however. The same with Lapis. She isn't in this fic either, nor was Bismuth. Perhaps if they return to Earth, they can come across them. I have sections of four more parts set out and if I have time, I plan to put out more.

End Notes

I decided to write this fic to expand this series out a little more. I used the pages for "The Prime Kindergarten", "Injectors", "Beach House" (particularly the gallery) pages on the Steven Universe Wiki were helpful here, as were articles like "37 Types of Flour and Their Nutritional Values" on Nutrition Advance for many of the other types of flour, and other articles about tiny food (to explain Apta's reasons for liking it), such as "The Untold Truth Of Tiny Food" on Mashed, "Why Are So Many People Obsessed With Tiny Food?" in Vogue magazine, and "Mini-sized: The many reasons why small is good" in Supermarket Perimeter.

Update: I got two nasty comments recently from guests (of course). One said "I've seen toddlers put together better stories with their crayon drawings" and another said "Congratulations! You've mastered the art of making your readers regret clicking on your fanfic!" Please, don't leave comments like that on someone's fic. It's not right. I don't mind constructive criticism or praise, but these nasty comments just put people down. It's not what reading fanfics is about.

Works inspired by this one

A Princess, a Captain, and Pleasure "Beyond Anything" She Imagined: Sparkles Gets Chelli to Fulfill Her Promise by lefemmerougensfw

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!